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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (by mail only). Address changed as often as desired. While out of town the State Journal will be sent to you like a daily letter from home. Advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

More balloting and less bulleting is what the people of Europe need.

Some of the American ports are also being blockaded—but with wheat.

Nothing is forgotten quicker than the annoyances of warm weather when it is suddenly supplanted by a cool spell.

It's a ill wind, etc. The rumbling of the war clouds in Europe make the prospects for dollar wheat exceedingly bright.

Without batting so much as a single eyelash, the Chicago Herald observes: The male flirt is usually chicken-hearted.

Some of the European monarchs are likely to have the truth forer home to them that might not always make for right.

Only a few more days now and the agonies of the primary campaign will be over. Too bad it isn't election day that is so close at hand.

Cesar Nicholas, by the way, who is doing so much to bring about a general European war, called the first universal peace conference at The Hague.

Isn't Austria generous? She is willing to pay the way home of her wayward sons for the purpose of standing them in battle line to be shot at.

No longer is it the River of Doubt. By a mandate of the Brazilian government it has become the Rio Theodoro. Skeptical geographers will please change their maps accordingly.

They do some things better over in Belgium. A get-rich-quick artist, who swindled the public out of \$3,000,000 was recently sentenced to ten years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$300. The rule in this country is to impose a large fine and short term in prison.

If the news from St. Petersburg is correct to the effect that Emperor Nicholas is expected to lead the Russians in person in the event of a general European war, it is likely that the steel-workers to his majesty are now busy on a bullet and shell proof portable enclosure for his use in the field.

In the maneuvers preliminary to a possible general European war, what is England doing with powerful fleets of battleships? Sending them quietly but with well-timed speed in the direction of the German coast, of course. All of which is likely to make Kaiser Wilhelm hesitate about rushing to the aid of Austria.

In all probability, the happiest man in major league baseball circles is Leon Ames, a pitcher with the Cincinnati team. He is one of the cast-offs of the New York Giants, in whose service he saw many years. And the other day, he not only treated his former teammates to a shut out, but he also scored one of the victories of the season over the mighty Mathewson. Could there be anything sweeter in the line of baseball revenge?

Being a fat man has its disadvantages, but belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Surplus Avoir-dupois, that has been organized in Illinois, would seem to be a means of aggravating them most materially. Membership is open only to men who tip scales at 200 pounds or better. And a member must take an oath to abstain from beer, to take a cross country run of at least three miles twice a week and one of six miles once a month, to work daily in a gymnasium, and to eat not often than once a day. Cutting down on the meat consumption and cutting out the beer wouldn't be so burdensome. But imagine Mr. Fat after staging his three-mile and six-mile runs, and in the summer when the temperature is in the open and under the sun's brilliant rays mounts to 85 and better.

THE PEACE TO COME.

A general European war appears to be inevitable. This is deplorable. More than that, it is a disgrace to the civilization and the Christianity professed by the nations that will participate. They are tearing at each other's throats without anything like sufficient cause. Indeed, in this day of grace, there should be no such thing as an adequate reason for war between two or more civilized powers. But the pretext on which Austria has assaulted Serbia is most trifling, in view of the apologies that Serbia tendered. And it is nothing but the jealousies of their prestige and the insatiable appetite of their rulers for aggrandizement that are dragging some of the other nations into the struggle, notably Russia and Germany. On the other hand, the rest of the major powers in Europe, France and England must get in the game for their own.

Such a war as this has been in the making for a generation. Europe has been as a volcano for the past decade. Only the slightest of sparks has been needed this long while to cause an explosion, and one that would write the bloodiest page that history has ever known. They've been military mad in continental Europe for many years. They've developed their armies and their navies as well to tremendous proportions. This has been the means they have used to exhibit their power and their increasing importance on the world's stage. With such weapons for a fight, there has been a chip on every European monarch's shoulder. And because of these tremendous military machines of which they are possessed, one has been afraid to start anything with another. Their petty grievances against each other have been piling up for years. All that has been needed to cut loose their dogs of war was for some one of them to move in that direction. That has happened, but from an almost wholly unexpected quarter. It is two of the smaller nations that have set the fire of war which is about to spread into terrible conflagration.

But there is no cloud so dark, not even a war cloud, that has not an inner lining or two of silver. One such in this connection is the obvious fact that this war cannot last long. The military burdens that most of the nations involved have long since been carrying for years have long since been on the point of crushing them. The cost of the war in prospect, regardless of the multitude of the lives that will be sacrificed, the immense amount of property that will be destroyed, and the misery that will be effected—the cost in money will assume proportions so fabulous as to be difficult of appreciation. It will be financially impossible to continue the war for any number of years. And the compactness of the territory that will be its scene, and the facility with which the different armies can be mobilized and dispatched to the front, augurs for speedy battles that are likely to be of the decisive variety.

No matter how brief the war may be, though, its ramifications will be extensive. It is likely to paralyze the international business of the world while it is in progress. Its effect on this country is problematical. It may make business boom in the export lines that are not classed among the contrabands of war, but they would be likely to be only a fraction of the immense volume of stuff that now leaves this country daily to supply European demands. And the chances are that many business enterprises here may suffer seriously, and especially some of the larger ones that look to Europe for much of their capital, as that will certainly be shut off by the war. Even the prices of foodstuffs may go higher than they are now, for this country is considerably dependent on foodstuffs imported from European countries, the transportation of which would be certain to be interfered with by the war.

The brightest side of this horrible conflict, however, is that it is likely to be the last great war that this earth shall know. It is almost certain to be the forerunner of the universal peace for which so many intelligent souls have been praying and striving for so long. The peoples who will be most directly affected by it and suffer the most from it are not the ignorant masses that their forefathers were a century and two ago. After they have experienced the throes of this conflict, they are likely to protest in voices that will not be ignored against any further follies of militarism and the strife it is certain to engender. The wise monarchs will heed them. They will rule in the future as their people will direct. The unwise will be shorn of the velvet robes of office and driven from their thrones.

And so, terrible as this war will be, its eventual compensation of a peace without end will be the greatest boon for which humanity could ask. The price that will be paid for it, though, is frightful.

PERSON OR PARTY.

Senator Bristow doesn't appear to be much interested in the success of the Republican party in Kansas. His veiled threat to poll the party again, or, at least, to deny it his support in the event that its United States senatorial nomination is voted to ex-Senator Curtis can mean only one thing. Senator Bristow reaffiliated with the Republican party merely for the personal political profit that might accrue to him.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

It is not wise to try to "pull" prosperity to you. It is better to try to deserve it. The basis of prosperity is the right mental attitude. Get out of the mental attitude of "plinking pennies." No matter if you spend but a dollar a week, spend it with good will and praise and bless it when you part with it. Then watch for opportunity and use your imagination. Thus writes William E. Towne in August Nautilus, and he continues:

It is the attitude of mental alertness that best leads and supplies them.

that creates prosperity. I know of a woman who has created crocheted hats and waists that are cheap and beautiful, and thereby added to her own income besides expanding and beautifying her own and her daughter's wardrobes with the garments made. And she has added to her income still further by writing articles to the magazines telling how she does the work.

There are little opportunities around you for adding to your income. And after you have developed and improved a few of the opportunities, your mind becomes more creative in that line and you begin to expand in the direction of prosperity. But you will never see the opportunities and your mind will create nothing so long as you are held in bondage by the "plinking pennies" thought and feelings of envy and jealousy.

This is not saying that the world's wealth is justly distributed as it might be. But it doesn't help bring better conditions to sit down and just find fault, and it cuts you off from realizing your own share now. Do all you can to promote more just conditions, but don't waste time brooding in bitterness over the fact that there are many flaws in the present economic system. Don't let the desire and hope for better things destroy all enjoyment of what you now possess. Our standards of living advance faster than our incomes, and so we are no happier even when our incomes are multiplied many times.

There is sunshine and fresh air and green trees and flowers and books and paper within the reach of nearly all of us. Do not forget to enjoy them.

Concentrate your desire first upon those things which are not too far in advance. When you have realized some of them, you will be in a better condition to take further steps toward prosperity and freedom.

Organize your forces for victory. Plan. Do not expect to drift into success. Do not expect to jump from darkness into light in one moment. You may have to work harder to earn success now than you would under more just economic conditions, but faith, concentrated thought, good will, persistency, will open the path before you.

Journal Entries

Too many people aim high without being equipped with adequate ammunition.

Some men gain distinction through their dogs winning prizes at bench shows.

Neither is there anything very fine about the success achieved at the expense of others.

Almost every man is sure he could shine more brilliantly in some field of endeavor than this one.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who squared his cunning with his conscience by saying, "Go to Hellfax."

Jayhawker Jots

As the Valley Farmer points out, good husbands have never been spoiled by good cooking.

There are no failures more pitiable, perhaps, observes the Nortonville News, than those which result from too much success.

The Sedgewick Pantagraph explains that the trouble with most of us is that we forget to do tomorrow what we have put off today.

According to the Jewell County Republican, the jackrabbits like to get in the road and show motor-car men that there is no speed limit on them.

The woman who flirts because her husband is inclined to be gay, would probably flirt anyway, insists the Howard Courier. A flirt woman can always be depended on to find an excuse as well as an opportunity.

You know the weeds known as button weeds, says the Jewell County Record. A little country girl understood it mutton weed, and so she asked her mother if it was called "mutton weed" because the sheep eat it.

Raveling, in the Marion County Record. Nearly every fellow thinks he is the busiest man in town. If everybody could only raise the other folks' children, what a model set of youngsters there would be.

The scorn of the fat man for the thin man is equaled only by the fun the thin man gets out of seeing the fat man puff. Rain must be wetter on Sundays than on other days. See how it keeps folks from going to church.

When you are sitting in a comfortable box on the shady side of the grocery she seldom molests him.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Snout is also common in wild oats. Most of the theories are all right as such.

A true friend is one you can get along with on a camping trip. It is the man who smokes who is most frequently out of matches.

When your influence is lessened you are apt to be the last to find it out. Modest man doesn't care if the girls show through if they aren't his girls.

We have heard farmers kick about nearly everything but a lack of exercise. It takes a man so long to read a borrowed book that he forgets who loaned it to him.

There are a large number of dogs, among the other causes of the increased cost of living.

By the time a man has pacified his wife a few times he feels qualified for the diplomatic service.

Fly swatting might attract more education if it required a license and much expensive equipment.

Before election, you can convince a politician of almost anything but the fact that he isn't a statesman.

When an Atchison man was told to take more exercise he commenced rolling twice as many cigarettes.

Some dogs are pretty worthless; almost an error; in fact, on the contrary, they are very valuable.

By the Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

After years of married life, a man learns never to tell his wife twice that the same woman is good looking.

A Topeka girl, returning from Colorado, according to the story told by a traveler on the same train, had a full set of golf bats, which she kept the porter moving from place to place so that other travelers should not see the "once over," discovering that although they were brand new, it came from the shop of a Topeka dealer. The girl had worked them on a round trip.

It is so obvious that of course others have fallen for it, but as Val Momma is the principal baker of Howard, Kan., nearly anyone might be pardoned for pulling a wheeze about the bread that Momma used to make.

Our art department manager observes that a number of your candle dates are being "supported" by their fathers-in-law.

Jack Supp refuses to view with alarm the European war, saying that he hasn't any gas that will shoot across the big pond, so being an innocent bystander on this side is comparatively safe, says Mr. Supp.

It is rumored that the Dodd Gaston campaign slogan will be "More business and less bank." Or an exact reversal of the conditions which have prevailed for some time.

One might gather that some Californians are impatient, and not satisfied to take a day's journey from tourists in the customary way. Train robberies are growing more frequent in that state.

The state debt is 11 cents per capita. We stand ready to share our share of it at any time we can borrow the other seven cents from Shultz.

Those who spend a major portion of their time ridiculing the Collinses try should stop to consider the difficulty of convicting a well-dressed female in this country. The laugh isn't all on the French jury.

The answer to the question: "What is so rare as a day in June?" seems to be: "A not-overdone day in July."

Girls don't take much interest in pugilism, but they continue to train for the engagement ring.

Sam Blythe's Kansas political dope in the Sat-ave-post is remarkably good, considering the fact that he gathered his information by passing through Kansas at the best speed a third class train could offer. But he is handicapped by the time it takes to get out the last form on the esteemed Sat-ave-post. A political situation can lie down and roll over on its back in Kansas, while the Sat-ave-post copy boy is getting from the "rush" hook to the composing room.

During the first month of married life for a man to come home early is taken as a mark of the correct spelling. When the engine dropped out of Gene Stott's machine, he missed it before he had gone over half a mile and had to walk back and retrieve the engine before he could make further progress.

This war talk in Europe again arouses the Filling Fuller's curiosity as to the Prussian Field Marshal. He guesses Limburgher.

U. S. warships are still lying in Vera Cruz harbor. So, apparently, are the war correspondents.

There is but one worse habit than reading poetry, according to Honore Murphy, and that is writing it.

It is a comforting thought to the citizenry on foot that not even the most reliable of automobiles are perfect. When the engine dropped out of Gene Stott's machine, he missed it before he had gone over half a mile and had to walk back and retrieve the engine before he could make further progress.

In the notices of his candidacy, Col. Ed Little calls attention to his total abstinence, during the past several years, from political office. And the Colonel has still other recommendations.

The disturbances of 1776 and 1812 were so long ago that they should be forgotten, or at least forgiven, and we of the same race should entertain the hope that, perchance the pot boils with the outside enemy than she does with the wild suffa.

War is a joke to many, but a serious problem to the proof reader, who hath barely mastered the correct spelling of Aqua Prieta before running up against Priepolle and Klotievats.

The river has been officially named "Rio Theodoro." The Brazilians, being unfamiliar with customs in this country, will refer to it by that name instead of "Teddygo Creek."

They threw fits in Wall street when Germany called Russia, and if it was like the average Wall street fit, the seedy gink with \$2.50 invested frothed at the mouth long.

It is an inviolable rule, among pet stock gamblers, that the one who has least to lose must holler loudest.

When a man lets his whiskers get two days long, his wife suspects that he doesn't love her as much as he utters, but doesn't suspect him of flirting with other women.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Musical Comedy.
Take the following ingredients:
One Lieutenant (tenor).
One princess (soprano).
One girl friend of princess (contralto).
One chum of lieutenant (baritone).
One angry ferry (bass).
Twelve merry village maidens.
Six clothing dames (chorus men).
One lightning rod agent (low comedian).
One old maid aunt.
Two jokes (one for each act).
One pale moon.
One yacht in distance.
One set of shifting clouds.
One balcony.
Sixteen songs that have nothing to do with the plot, of which there is none.
Mix these ingredients thoroughly and divide into two parts with a minimum of interference between and there you are.

EVERY NIGHT

The violin begins to sing.
At the sound of haunting feet.
Here or there, a ball is seen.
Gives signals, thrilling, sweet.
Every night.
My mirror shows me shining eyes.
I have a dusky cloud of hair.
The perfect curves of my body.
To help me brave the footlights' glare.
Every night.
I have my soul before them all.
And through a mist I see and hear
Tophanous hands, their heave call.
All blue and far, above the sea.
Every night.
He comes through painted woods to me.
A mocking, painted moon smiles down.
I bow my head to Fate's decree.
Accept with fainting heart the crown.
Every night.

He plays the lover's part, while I—
I yield with joy to his embraces.
Ashamed, yet glad—maiden shy—
And this before that sea of faces.
Every night.
You smile and watch the mimic strife—
The love and heartbeats we portray;
To him, and you, 'tis but a play—
Every night, o . . .
Louise Von Wetter, in the New York Times.

The Evening Story

(By Virginia Kilne.)

Ellen Day sat by the sunny window upstairs edging Maise Day's beautiful wedding veil with delicate, fairlike stitch. Her head was full of thoughts of the great church wedding tomorrow, her heart of sorrow for the parting with her only close relative, the little sister, eight years younger than herself and mothered by her from orphanhood.

The sound of a maid who had looked after both had passed on to her father's long ago. The two girls with their modest home and scant income weathered life as best they could with Ellen's added earnings.

A sob sounded from Maise's room. Ellen was up in an instant, hurrying to investigate.

Maise, with her fluffy, fair hair streaming, had thrown herself in childish abandon upon the bed, crumpling her dainty frock without a qualm.

"Maise—child—what in the world," Ellen gathered Maise in her tender arms.

"I'm so unhappy—so—unhappy," gasped poor little Maise.

"Tell it to sister," said Ellen. And presently Maise did. "We've had another quarrel." "Maise—no today."

"Yes—today—on the way to the rehearsal."

"Your wedding rehearsal?"

"Yes. I could hardly go through it. All the girls and boys were there and—"

"What happened?" Ellen's lips quivered severely. Her face whitened. She looked suddenly old.

"He—he was so cross—on the way up; so irritable over every single thing. Nothing I did or said pleased him. He's always scolding me."

"What's he saying but a kid out of college. How dare he?"

"He's always had everything his own way. He's marrying a poor girl. He's just a bit afraid I won't make the impression he wants me to. He's so proud!"

"Froud! I should think he would be with you for a bride—your darling," mourned Ellen, choking with rage.

"O Ellen—Ellen—I'm afraid—"

"Afraid of what?"

"My future—Ellen—oh—I haven't told you how I've cried many a time before."

"What didn't you throw him over why have you given in?"

"I love him—Ellen," confessed the girl, and Ellen quite understood. There was a sharp ring at the front doorbell.

"He is," she whispered Maise, clasping Ellen more tightly. "I don't want to see him now. I suppose he wants to make it up, but I don't want to see him."

"O Ellen—Ellen—"

"Wait!"

And before Maise could more than feebly protest Ellen had flown down the cheaply carpeted stairs to meet the little bride to weep at the eleventh hour.

Forbes Richardson was a fine-looking, masterful youngster of about twenty, with charming manners, a good head, strong athletic body and slightly wilful mouth.

"Hello, Ellen," he said, somewhat abashed. "Where's Maise?"

"In my room," stated Ellen curtly.

"May I go up?"

"You may not," said Ellen.

"Why not?"

"Because I want your attention for a few minutes myself."

"Very well," Forbes shrugged his shoulders. They went into the bare looking, scrappy parlor, a sharp contrast to the artistic, spacious Richardson drawing-room. "What is it, Ellen?"

"This is the day before my wedding, you know. I'd like to have a quiet talk with you."

"Exactly," said Ellen, none too encouragingly. "But perhaps I'd like you to give some thought to the fact that it may be Maise's wedding day, too. And it's about time her only guardian had a heart-to-heart talk with her possible husband."

"May be—possible—what do you mean?" stared the boy.

"What I say. Maise is all I have in this world. She's never married and feels almost a tragedy to give her up. Now, I'm perfectly willing to give her up to happiness, but I absolutely refuse to give her up to misery."

"I don't think I—"

"Oh, yes you do. You understand perfectly. You know you made Maise unhappy this afternoon by bickering criticism, and you've made her unhappy again by not too late. We can easily call the occasion of tomorrow, and each of you will find a more suitable mate."

"Forbes sprang to his feet, pale with fear. 'Are you in earnest?'"

"Never so in all my life."

And looking at Ellen's splendidly determined face, he did not repeat the question.

"Why—all the cards are out, the gifts are all gone over, our apartment furnished, our journey mapped—everything—"

"What have these to do with happiness?"

"What of the scandal?"

"Scandal! The only scandal worth talking about would be that I, who love my little motherless sister, permit her to marry a selfish, arrogant boy who doesn't know how to take care of her."

Forbes's father was replaced by a man of stern pathos of action.

"Will you let me think it over, Ellen?" Ellen turned abruptly and went slowly, thoughtfully, back to Maise, who implored her with tear-washed, haunting eyes.

"Maise, I can't give him up—no matter how he treats me or how I suffer—I can't."

"You shall," said Ellen firmly. "No matter how you suffer—you shall give him up and grow self-independent and strong, darling. If you haven't strength yourself sister must have it for you. Will you trust her?"

Maise trembled. Then she looked at the one in all the world who had succeeded so greatly for her through the struggling years.

"Whatever you say—I'll do, Ellen. I know you must know best—but—"

The sob caught her again.

A swift rush of feet on the stairs set both hearts throbbing wildly.

Forbes burst into the room and gathered the two in his arms. "You're right, Ellen. I've been a beast. But it was perfectly natural criticism at all the opposition and—"

"And the difference," said Ellen calmly, "in Maise's simple training and yours."

"Don't rub it in, Ellen. I see it now. You've pulled me up just at the right time."

The boy stooped to kiss her and Ellen responded heartily. Such a frank acknowledgment of her own weakness, only from an innately fine and gracious nature. She withdrew quietly from his arm and placed it to join the other about Maise's neck.